Once At Work

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Once At Work

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Luke has to cancel a date due to an emergency at work. Jean is worried about how anxious he still is about their relationship/his sexuality and so he goes to see him…

Notes

Sequel to Once Sober my #DrunkenKissesChallenge oneshot

Luke was pretty sure he was in love with Le Chiffre.

He had thought about it on and off over the last few weeks. Mostly flashes of the thought and then the dismissal of it - they hadn't known each other long and he had to wonder if the depth of his feelings were informed by what Le Chiffre - Jean - had opened up for him.

But now, as the enigmatic Albanian opened him up in an entirely different way, a way that Luke was enjoying beyond verbalisation - other than the moans and soft grunts that escaped his lips - he knew. He was in love with Le Chiffre.

The evening had started poorly. A last minute problem with the printers had meant that whilst Luke had insisted everyone else leave and enjoy their weekends, he was still in his office at 11.30pm on a Friday night. A Friday night that he was supposed to be having dinner with Le Chiffre - Jean. He had tried to call and got the voicemail so he had left a message. He hoped Jean wasn't too annoyed about having to cancel their plans, but moreover he was concerned about what he might think of it. There had been occasions along the way, where Luke hadn't felt terribly comfortable being *out* and it had irked Jean. Not at Luke but at the situation. At the looks they sometimes got, the comments muttered under breath by passers by, that shook Luke's hard won confidence. In those moments there was a hungry look in Jean's eyes - like he wanted to devour Luke, claim him there and then to prove something. But of course he never did; instead he would let go of Luke's hand or step away from him - allow Luke the comfort of invisibility. And every time, Luke desperately wanted to grab him and kiss him, but he never could. Instead he would stutter out some nonsense, cover the silence and watch as Jean smiled and nodded. Both hurting as much as the other.

Having to cancel their date, he was worried that Jean would take it the wrong way. The last time they had gone out Jean had kissed him, just a peck on the cheek, as they left a restaurant. Some thug on the street saw them, commented, then turned aggressive when ignored. He felt somewhat protected, safe and yet terrified when Jean had lashed out a hand. Calmly and

cooly - a sharp blow to the man's throat that had him doubled over choking as Jean steered Luke quietly away and into a taxi.

That night Luke had let Le Chiffre have him for the first time.

It had been more amazing than anything he had ever imagined - and oh yes he had imagined it all with Jean. Gentle hands, hard mouth, caressed and whispered words not quite masking the aggressive hunger in Le Chiffre's eyes as he claimed Luke.

Luke felt no less of that hunger now as it passed between them.

Le Chiffre had not responded to his message but had instead come to his office. Luke had been on the phone - a particularly heated conversation with the printer on their seventh call of the evening. When he saw Le Chiffre at his door he gave a puzzled smile and indicated with a wave of his hand for him to come in and take a seat. Le Chiffre quirked an eyebrow at this and it took a moment before Luke realised he had just treated the man like one of his employees. He was still trying to work out whether Jean was pissed off or not when he strode over to the desk and put his hand to the phone - ending the call.

"That was an important call-" Luke started.

"You cancelled dinner."

"We have an emergency here; I'm trying to-"

"I am disappointed that you cancelled."

"I'm… sorry…" Luke was bordering on annoyed. This was his work; this was important. "I need to get this sorted-"

"Will one more phone call make a difference to the countless you have no doubt already made? Would it fix this situation?" There was definitely a hint of annoyance in that voice and the look on Jean's face explained it all. He was upset, but deeper than that, he was concerned. As Luke had feared, perhaps he had taken the cancellation to mean he was too anxious to go out in public again as a couple.

"Repeating this print run will cost us more than we can afford. I need to get this fixed." Luke tried to explain.

Le Chiffre's face was stony. "I have the money. I can afford the reprinting."

"No!" Luke's response was sharp and defensive. "I don't want your money."

Le Chiffre thought for a moment, he appeared to be searching for the right words - Luke's words as it happened. "-Cost and worth are very different things. Spending time with you is worth a great deal to me."

There was a pause then and Luke felt his heart swell and throat tighten.

He watched as Le Chiffre stalked forward and came to perch on the edge of Luke's desk, a gentle hand against his cheek. "*You* are worth a great deal to me. But… I understand if you are not comfortable… if you don't…" He moved back and in doing so knocked over the photoframe on Luke's desk.

They both looked at it as it fell back and the photo faced up to the ceiling. The frame he had brought empty from his old job now held the photo he had placed in it a fortnight before. It was an awkward selfie that Luke had taken on his phone. The only picture he had of Le Chiffre - of them both together. It had been taken in the back of a taxi after a date: Le Chiffre pulling on his tie and kissing his cheek, and Luke grinning at the camera. A grin that Le Chiffre now mirrored as his face broke into a smile.

He was on his feet in a moment, moving around to Luke and pulling him up on his feet by his tie. Luke waited to be kissed, but instead Jean dropped immediately to his knees and made short work of tugging off Luke's belt and opening his trousers. Luke groaned as Jean's mouth closed around his quickly hardening cock and his trousers dropped to his ankles.

Only Le Chiffre could make a blow job an act of domination.

Hands gripped Luke's thighs and he was glad of their support. His legs felt weak as Jean's tongue swirled around his cock. He took Luke deep into his throat before sucking back until Luke's cock left his lips with an obscenely audible pop.

Luke only had a moment to register the loss when strong hands roughly turned him to the desk, bending him over and spreading his cheeks. And then Le Chiffre's mouth was on him again, but in a way Luke had never even dreamed of, that silken tongue now licking over his hole. Luke groaned and buried his head in his arms on the desk in front of him. He went somewhat boneless at the feeling and allowed Le Chiffre's powerful hands to reposition him - lifting him by the hips so that he was now up and kneeling on the desk. Le Chiffre now on his feet again behind him, spreading his thighs and cheeks until he was completely exposed, Luke's cock hanging heavy in the air.

Le Chiffre gave an appreciative murmur at the sight, before his tongue was on Luke again. Luke moaned as the tongue circled him, cried out as it entered him, circling within.

"Oh… fuck…" Luke let the words fall from his mouth as Le Chiffre fucked him with his tongue. Luke was a panting mess, his tie loose and shirt starting to soak with sweat when Le Chiffre reached around and grabbed his cock and began stroking it in time with the motions of his tongue. It was all Luke could do not to instinctively tense his thighs together.

"Oh… ye… yes… fuck…" His groans echoed around the empty cubicles beyond his office. The glass walls would have afforded anyone else who had stayed late quite the view. Luke's arms tensed as he tried to brace himself as much as he could, as Le Chiffre pulled back his tongue and nuzzled at his loosening rim. Luke whimpered at the loss but only had a moment to feel it before Le Chiffre's tongued plunged back into him. The firm hand on his cock now working him hard as the tongue moved in and out and around - a heat building in his belly and his balls drawing up - Luke's mind went white.

He cried out, the noise echoing off the walls of the empty office, as he came - shooting spunk all over the desk, just missing the photo of his own happy face smiling up at him. Le Chiffre pulled back then and placed a gentle kiss on his right ass cheek. Luke chuckled.

Yes, Luke was pretty sure he was in love with Le Chiffre.

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